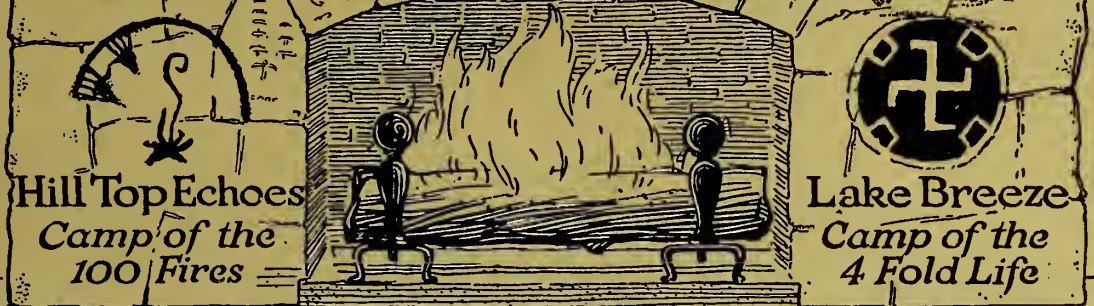


CONFERENCE POINTERS



DECEMBER, 1918



On the Shore of Beautiful Lake Geneva

First Impressions

WHAT is it about the very atmosphere of Conference Point that makes one expand, and grow so big in mind, heart, and interest that he can never shrink again to his former narrowness? Is it the beauty of the spot, the unmistakable work of a divine hand? Is it the close fellowship with earnest, eager seekers after the same great end? Is it the contact with people whom Geneva has called from far-away states and provinces? Can it be the touch with personalities bigger and more powerful than our own personalities, which do not descend to our level, but lovingly reach forth a helping hand to draw us up to nobler lives? It is all these, and more.

Does the life of which I tell sound too idealistic? Then learn of this Sunday School Camp, which is only one fourth religious! Did you know that your physical development is classed, in the eyes of the Sunday School, as equal in importance to your religious development? The Camp does not encourage the young people to be stiff and prudish. Get into the game! Learn to swim and dive and row and play ball and shoot an arrow and play tennis! Oh, there's something for every one! Yes, and we have camp-fires and stunts, comic

songs, treasure hunts, and even a big reception!

Our Great Chief, Kinji, told us there was something wrong if we didn't grow an inch every time we received a shock. For us those first three days of Camp were fairly bristling with shocks. Was it possible that we knew so little about the Bible, we who read it every day? Were there really so many splendid people in the world?

The classes—or shall we call them by that harsh name?—are merely a part of the day's pleasure. Watching the shimmering lake, feeling its cool breezes, listening to the words of a beloved leader, is that a "class"?

The conference makes one expand, makes one unlimited in capacity, and joyful over revelations of world-wide conceptions, nay, even more, conceptions which find their end only with the universe; and yet, no one can live with hundreds of people such as Geneva fosters, without feeling a little smaller in his own estimation, a little humbler before his newly caught visions of Life and its meaning.

MABEL F. ARBUTHNOT.
(Continued on page 27.)

Conference Pointers

*Camp of the
4-Fold-Life*

Lake Breeze—
Hill Top Echoes

*Camp of the
100 Fires*

Publication Office, Mount Morris, Illinois

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JOHN L. ALEXANDER, *Editor*

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Vol. III

DECEMBER, 1918

No. 3

At the Editor's Desk

The Editor certainly wishes all the readers of "Conference Pointers" a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. As we write, we are certain to have a white Christmas, and the pleasure of the year will surely be all that can be desired.

In looking over last December's "Conference Pointers," we notice that the wonderfulness of the first Christmas Day was commented on. It was just an ordinary day, just like any other day, the day on which Jesus was born. The one thing which made it different from all the other days of the year and all the years was the fact that Jesus was born. The Editor just wants to add that the special thing about any day is the gift of life that is put into it, and at this Christmas season of 1918 the hope is strong within us that the Jesus way of living, or the fourfold life, will make all the days of the future very special ones.

This issue of "Conference Pointers" is the Prospectus Number. It is made up of articles from leaders and from campers. It is large and is very special in its make-up. It is intended to be as complete a presentation of the Camp-Conferences—the Camp of the Fourfold Life and the Camp of a Hundred Fires—as can be made on printed page. Of course, much that might go into a presentation of the Camp, such as the Camp spirit and the other wonderful things which are present at Conference Point-on-Lake Geneva, must be left out as there is no pen that is wise enough or skillful enough to tell them.

We are ordering a special number of these "Conference Pointers" for office use, and we will send them to boys and

girls from our office as they are requested. If you would like one or two for your personal distribution, let us know and we will send them to you. The forth-coming issues of "Conference Pointers" will be small compared with this big number.

I wonder if you have noticed the frontispiece of this number of "Conference Pointers." The artist's sketch will have a different message for each one, and it stands to reason that the reader will see his or her own thoughts in the artist's conception. It might be permissible, therefore, to give the Editor's idea of the frontispiece: Of course, this is the Christmas time, and Christmas tells of peace and joy. It's also reconstruction time, and our soldier boys and sailor boys are returning to their homes. There is a warm welcome for them as they lay aside their rifles and bayonets. There is lots of work for them, also, as they turn their hands to their old familiar tasks or the new ones, which some of them must necessarily learn. The world physically is very much the same. The old homestead will look just the same to the returning warrior; the office, the shop, the factory, will be just the same kind of place it was before—in fact, the world is not changed at all so far as its material and outward look is concerned. There is a new spirit, however, since democracy has won its victory and the world war is over. It's the Christmas, Christ-like, Golden-rule spirit that counts now. The American square deal is a world principle, and Christianity's message in this Christmas form takes on a new meaning as the bells of Christmas time ring out "Peace on earth; good will to *all* men." It is the cross which makes this message

possible, and because of this it is very fitting that the cross should have such a large place in our artist's conception. May the peace and good will it speaks of be yours forever!

1919 will very likely have been ushered in by the time you receive this first number of "Conference Pointers." 1919 promises to be the beginning of a new era in the world's history. It will be unlike all the years which have gone before in that it will be the year in which the new spirit of the world will be at work. Only twice in the world's history has there been the beginnings of a new civilization without respect to that which has gone before. This happened once before in the history of the world with the coming of the Gothics and the Visigothics, and again with the ushering in of the Crusades. We believe it is happening for the third time in the history of the world and that we are about to build a new civilization actually on the teachings of the Man of Galilee, whose birth we celebrate at this most auspicious occasion. This era is born with great new impulses, and promises great achievements of spiritual value. In this time of reconstruction and big things, "Conference Pointers" hopes its readers will play a very great part.

Conference Point-on-Lake Geneva lies quiet and still and sound asleep while you read these words. The waters are frozen; the trees are stripped; and the cottages are cold and silent, and the tents all stored away. Everything, however, is just waiting the touch of spring and the appearance of the campers again to make the leafy trees echo with the resounding shouts of the camper and the water splash with the aquatic frolics of those who have been there in years gone by. While the cold of winter grips the place physically, the spirit of Conference Point is very much awake, and certain improvements are going on in spite of the cold and frost. Over 200 girls and 100 boys have already registered for the Camps for next summer, and the Camp Director urges that all registrations be sent in as quickly as possible in order that there may be no disappointment so far as the waiting lists are concerned. Here's hoping that our Christmas joy now may soon be turned into our summer instruction and outdoor pleasure! The Editor now wishes you a very Merry



Conference Point in Winter Garb

Christmas and a very Happy New Year and at the same time invites you to the best summer that has ever yet been yours. His heart is in the Camp-Conferences of 1919.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after a while,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth;
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build our mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now, do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
"What have we done today?"

—[Nixon Waterman.

Hillside

"When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire,
I heard a low voice calling,—
'Come up higher! Come up higher!
From the lowland and the mire,
From the mist of earth desire,
From the vain pursuit of self,
From the attitude of self,
Come up higher! Come up higher!'"

THAT is the call of the sunset hour on the Hillside—the call to higher ideals, wider visions, and fuller lives of service. Old Camper, don't you want to come back in memory and live again one of those never-to-be-forgotten hours? And Prospective Camper, bring your imagination with you and sit down with us on the green hillside overlooking our own beautiful Lake Geneva. Come and hear with us the call, the voice of One who is still seeking disciples, and having found them whispers, "Follow Me."

The day has been so crammed with activity! Now for one short hour we gather together, not to do but to listen. To what? A few minutes ago all was noise and confusion but now a hush has fallen. But don't you hear the message of those quivering silver poplars on the bank just below us? Do you understand what the birds in the trees around us are trying to tell? Then as we look far out across the lake, which shows the perfect image of the wonderful sunset glow of the sky, we begin to realize, in our own small way, the wonderful power of our Creator. Heaven and earth are indeed full of His glory and as the orchestra softly plays "Faith of our Fathers" we sing it with all the intensity of its meaning. Following that we join in other favorite hymns, "More like the Master," "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," and "Day is Dying." With what sincerity the words ring out, "Grateful hearts to Thee we yield, For Thou art nigh!"

Then in the prayers the soul of every girl there is stirred to its depths. Many earnest sentence prayers are uttered from full hearts. Others take part silently but each one feels in close communion with her Maker.

After another favorite hymn, or perhaps a solo, comes the talk by one of those wonderful leaders of ours—leaders in whose hearts the fires of service have been long lighted and are burning with a bright

and steady flame. Now from the depths of their own experience they are turning back, filled with love, and understanding our difficulties, to blow into the flame which we are trying to kindle and to show us how to keep it ever burning brightly. Surely as they speak they must feel the inspiration of those two hundred and fifty eager, earnest faces of the girls whose lives their words are influencing! Wonderful things could be told that have happened during those talks—of decisions made, faith strengthened, and new ideals and broader visions gained. It is there that each girl realizes that if she would be a true and faithful servant of the Master she must obey the challenge of the four-fold life "Be yourself at your best."

The hour ends with a prayer and a well-known hymn. But is this the end? While all is quiet we feel that we want to remain there looking over the lake and dreaming; but the challenge of Hillside is not for dreams alone but their fulfillment in service. We who have caught the gleam in those hours of insight know that it is given to us that we in turn may give it out to



Close to Nature

others, that the echoes of those evening hours may

"Roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever."

BLANCHE TRESHAM.

AS the golden sun is slowly sinking in the west, the chapel bell at Conference Point softly calls the campers to their evening devotions. Immediately the hilltop is alive with a crowd of fellows. They have heard "The Call" and have come from near and far to better learn how they may live the Fourfold Life. They assemble in a great semi-circle on the south side of the hilltop, overlooking the peaceful waters of Lake Geneva. A few paces in front of the fellows stands the student leader, with his Bible and song book on a rock beside him, while sitting near is the musician of the evening. In back of this semi-circle are ranged, on the ground or on the cot-porch, the adult leaders.

In this small amphitheatre the evening worship begins. A note is sounded. Quickly it is taken up by a chorus of voices, and the song is sung with more vigor and enthusiasm than is ever heard in many of our Sunday Schools throughout the land. After the song service, the leader asks for

sentence prayers. These are not given one at a time but several fellows may be heard praying at the same time. Then follows another song, for living as the fellows do at Conference Point, makes singing a very essential as well as a popular part of the Camp life.

The speaker of the evening is introduced. While he is talking, the mind is often wandering. Often one is not thinking of all that the speaker is saying but rather drifts to thoughts of God. This great out-of-doors, God's church with the blue sky for a roof, allows a fellow to gain a greater conception of God's great works and power. The very atmosphere of the place makes a fellow feel that he is walking along the Sea of Galilee hand in hand with Jesus. Here he realizes what it means to live life in the full, and in his heart is born a new desire to be more like Him who died on the cross to atone for the sins of the world.

When the speaker has finished, Kinji (Mr. John L. Alexander) announces the events for the evening. After a song is sung and a prayer of thanks is raised to God, the fellows disperse to meet shortly at the Council Circle, the Tipi-Wakan, or wherever the evening pastime is to take place.

WILLIAM G. PEOPLES.

Sunday School Plans

IS religious education on the fourfold plan essential to the life of a girl or boy if she or he is to be really happy?

Miss Bonita Ferguson, of Missouri, believes that it is and she told the Wigeopo girls why last summer at Camp when they met with her down at the Tipi-Wakan and talked it over.

First of all, "happy" means self-control, peace, love, service, and the knowledge and love of God. That looks like some

kind of education, doesn't it? Why not religious and why not fourfold?

Religious education is just plain Sunday School dressed up a little. Our nation, today, sees that it needs a big chunk of religious education, because 35,000,000 people in America, one-third of our population, are spiritual derelicts. They are in line for institutions for the feeble spirited but they won't go there because our churches will get them first.

But the churches can't handle this whole job alone, so we are to make our Sunday Schools efficient to answer this challenge—to reach this 35,000,000 and educate them. It looks like a pretty big task but there are seventy other million to do it, and those Older Girls and Boys who are really willing and eager to help, will be glad to take down some of the following plans in their note-books:

In this course of religious education, Christ is the real teacher and the Bible the text book. One of the first things Christ taught was organization. He and



The Path through the Woods

His disciples were organized, and so every Older Girls' and Boys' Class should be. It arouses class spirit and cooperation; aids individual development, growth of the class, initiative, self-control, and the ability to do things; binds the members to the church and holds them together; and it is the democratic and only thing to do.

If an Older Girls' or Boys' Class is not organized, it should be. It should have the regular officers and committees, membership, devotional, social, and as many others as needed. They should be elected for a short term of office.

The two kinds of meetings—Sunday and midweek—cause increased interest and make the fourfold plan possible. On Sunday the regular Sunday School has its session, with probably a short devotional period, brief reports of midweek meetings, the lesson and plans for the coming week.

Then the midweek meeting comes around with maybe a supper and a business, athletic, social, educational, or inspirational good time following. It is here where we can give expression to our impressions and can develop in a fourfold way. It gives the teacher a chance to become better acquainted with the class and they, in turn, grow through doing things and by "finding themselves" through the group.

This fourfold program will meet the needs of every girl and boy and will mix them up physically, socially, mentally, and religiously. It helps to make them **TRAINED LEADERS.**

A few suggestions for midweek meetings are:

1. *Physical.* Hikes, contests, games (such as basket ball, etc.) or Girl and Boy Scout and Camp Fire Girls doings.

2. *Social.* Backward party, auction, story telling, and every kind of social service work.

3. *Mental.* Discuss complimentary colors, appropriate dress, current topics, and read books in groups or together.

4. *Religious.* Study the history and stories of hymns and hymn writers; the history of the church and missions; and have vocational talks.

One of the best ways to start on the thirty-five million is to make a community survey, with probably a map of the community or town hung up in the class room. Then a study should be made of how to meet the needs of the community and how

to reach the people and draw them into the church.

There are many more plans and classifications. Every girl at Camp could have organized a Sunday School in all its divisions and departments from memory, and, besides, we have stored up in our heads plans for committees and meetings of all kinds, which are of real, practical use.

But after all, every older girl is developing her own life and trying to live it in the "Jesus Way." She is becoming a trained leader, and she needs religious education, as well as the spiritual derelects. She needs to grow in the four ways and grow BIG. Wouldn't it be fine to have every Older Girls' class organized on the fourfold plan? Wouldn't we all be educated and happy then?

Miss Ferguson told us lots of other nice things. These are just a few kernels and the shell. They're very good and healthful, but won't you please chew them well before you swallow them?

FLORENCE JOHNSON.

II

EVERY girl who returns to the Camp of a Hundred Fires for the second year, has in her mind the one dominating purpose of making her life count for something in some form of Sunday School work. No matter what may have been her motive in coming for the first time, if she is interested enough to return, it is because she has heard the call and seen the vision which inspires her to a life of service for the Master.

So it is small wonder that the girls are all so interested in the classes in which they may learn of the technical part of this work. For have they not participated again and again in township, county, and state conventions, and often failed to secure the proper results because of lack of attention to some small detail? It is here they learn why they failed and how



Beside the Still Waters

to plan to avoid the same result again. Here each girl may bring her own problems and difficulties and learn how other girls have met these same problems and solved them.

But these discussions would be of much less interest without such a capable leader, Wadjepi, who holds such a large place in the hearts of all the girls for his ready wit and the jolly times which he originates. Here, however, they see him in an entire-

ly new light, for he understands just what they want to know and where they need help, and discloses a sympathetic insight which they had never suspected when on the playground or in the Council Circle.

The two weeks seem such a short time in which to learn so many important things, but no girl can help feeling at the end of that time that she has learned much which will be of unlimited value to her in years to come. LOUISE WILSON.

The Class in the "Fourfold Life"

IN thinking of Conference Point there are a great many things that crowd into the mind of a camper, each striving for the place of honor. There are the flag raising and the morning dip, recalling many happy incidents; chapel, too, with all that "Daddy Waite" told of the Bible and the Holy Land; and Hillside—surely it was the best time of the whole day, when the sun in its going threw its good-night kiss to Geneva, turning her azure ripples to gold while some leader told us of the wonders of God and His love. These and many other memories are equally very dear to us, but if we should stop and seriously ask, "What one thing in Camp has meant the most to me since I left the Hilltop?" there is no doubt that the answer would be, "The Class in Fourfold life." For it is in this class that we studied the life of our Master, how He grew into the perfect man with every side of His nature fully developed, noting that he grew religiously and physically, as well

as socially and mentally. In this busy world we are very much inclined to grow "one-sided," becoming so absorbed in the one thing being done that all else is neglected, forgetting that, as strong oaks cannot grow if only part of the acorn is cultivated, just so we can never possess strong characters by only developing one side of our natures. All sides, Religious, Social, Mental and Physical, are important if we would be truly great and fill our place in the great plan of life to the best advantage.

It is in the Fourfold Life class that we learn to examine ourselves and find wherein we are lacking and here, under the guidance of Kinji, our teacher, our helper, our architect, that we draw up our plans for making our lives, as well as the lives of those around us, well rounded, fourfold, modeled after the life of Jesus Christ, our Master, who "grew in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

NELLE MADDUX.



Recognize Them?



The Tipi-Wakan

AND Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man." Upon this one verse is built the whole life of the Camp at Lake Geneva. From the time a boy lands on the pier at Conference Point until he leaves Camp, he hears of the "Fourfold Life." Mr. R. A. Waite, Boys' Division Superintendent of the International Sunday School Association, or, as we campers know him, Waonspeakeye, leads the first-year class in the "Fourfold Life." No teacher could be more inspiring, interesting, and thoroughly practical than Waon. His presentation of the subject appeals to each camper very strongly.

Waon holds before us Jesus Christ as our unique and perfect pattern, showing us in a very new and simple light, that Jesus was human like ourselves. He brings out especially the fact that Jesus was a strong man, fond of out-door life. "Recreation without religion is characterless; and a boy's religion without recreation is lifeless."

It was decided in the class that Christian character is the weaving of the teachings of Jesus into the *fourfold expression of our lives*, or the recognizing and the developing of our capacity to follow Jesus. The social consequences of such a character are sacrifice, service, and the establishment of ideals. The class, furthermore, agreed that there is nothing finer

than to have the right fellow rightly related to the right girl.

The mental and religious sides of our lives were discussed equally as fully as the physical and the social. Christianity was shown to be the only religion which holds one hand up to God and the other out to mankind. "Religion is relationship, and life is responding to surroundings."

It is worth a trip to Lake Geneva to attend this one class. In the wing of the Tipi-Wakan, looking out on the beautiful waters of Lake Geneva, new thoughts were instilled into our minds, and new ideals and resolutions were formed which will permanently enrich our lives.

JAMES G. LEYBURN.



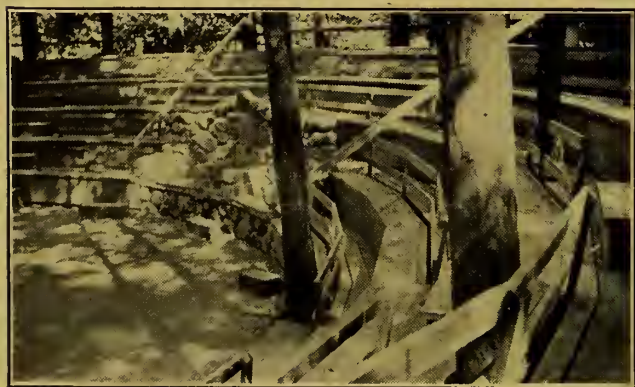
"The Tipi of 63"

The Bible Period

IN school with Christ." The wonderful privilege which may best be enjoyed by the fellow who is fortunate enough to attend the Older Boys' Camp-Conference! This is true of all the activities of the "Camp of the Fourfold Life," but particularly so of the Bible period, for then we are studying Christ's life to the best advantage—through His own book, the Bible.

The general purpose, however, of the Bible period was to instruct us not only in the life of Christ, but to give us facts, whereby we might become "better acquainted" with the Bible, regarding the questions which will be briefly reviewed in this article, in the manner in which we studied them.

The class in Bible instruction was in charge of Prof. M. A. Honline of Dayton, Ohio, who has spent many years, not only in this country but in the Holy Land, in study and research work in connection with the Scriptures, their interpretation, and historical basis. In this class the Bible was shown to be one of the most widely known and well read books of today. "At the age of the fellows present at the Older Boys' Camp-Conference the question often arises," said Prof. Honline, "of the genuineness of the Bible." Certainly, if any doubt existed as to this matter, it was cleared away by the most scholarly explanation ever offered in proof of the many reasons for our belief in the Bible. That the Bible has an historical basis, that its authors were honest, capable, and in a position to be authorities, and that they were not deceived were the three reasons put forth, with abundant proof, for our acceptance of the veracity of the Scriptures.



The Council Circle

Christianity as a *religion* was shown to be the proper acceptance of the term in that it never changed, in contrast to religion as a system of *dogmatic theology*, which was continually changing, and an ecclesiastical *organization*, which is the way in which it is usually studied.

One of the most striking reasons given for the genuineness of Christianity was that there is a personality present, and that the person, himself, did live and teach, and that he only appropriated natural and moral laws, rather than violated them, in the performance of miracles; thereby substantiating his claim to the Messiahship.

The versions of the Bible proved, also, to be an interesting study, and in addition the campers learned the kinds of Bible study and the parts the "three inseparables"—geography, history, and literature—play in the methods of study. An insight, further, into the history of the Holy Land revealed the way in which it fits into the study of ancient history and its value, if studied in this way.

Not only did Prof. Honline give a general discussion of the Bible but he interestingly outlined the Old Testament with regard to chronology, thus furnishing the most satisfactory method of study of not only this particular part of the Bible, but of the New Testament as well.

Toward the close of the "Camp of the Fourfold Life," one of the sessions of the Bible period was devoted to the charting of Christ's various journeys, and this, in connection with the outlining of Christ's life, proved, in the opinion of many of the fellows, to be the most instructive feature of the two weeks' work.

The fellows who never had been able to secure a course of Bible instruction were afforded that opportunity by attending Prof. Honline's class. Mr. Honline suggested to them an efficient method of study, and gave to those who had been fortunate enough to have had that privilege a valuable bibliography by noted writers.

I certainly hope that the campers of '19 may profit as much by the Bible period as did the Allies of '18.

ORVILLE DANIEL.

WHERE'S my note-book? I don't want to lose a single word of Daddy



Along the Shore

Waite's Bible lesson." And so a camper hurries from swimming or camper-craft or some other class to enjoy the revelations of the Bible period. This period directly follows the social hour of assembly. After the last song, everybody, although the chapel is filled to its limit, quietly waits for Daddy's first question.

Yes, we all thought we knew something, and a big something, about the Bible, for all of us either attended or taught Sunday School classes. We even doubted, in our secret souls, whether we should learn anything new at all during this period. But what is this we are told the very first day? Why, Daddy Waite said that the Bible did not tell us that three wise men visited Jesus on His birthday! And he insinuated that Peter and John and others of Christ's

disciples were of an age to make them eligible for the Boy's Camp, instead of being old men, as depicted in pictures of *The Last Supper!* And other startling statements were made that first day, which drove each girl to investigate *real facts* from her Bible during the rest hour.

Each day, for a half hour, Daddy Waite told us about the Bible and how to study it. At first, he showed us the harm of superficial reading and of literal acceptance of impressions gained from pictures or children's stories. Then he told us something of the history of the Bible, of how it had been preserved, of the difficulties the translators had, and of the reasons for changes from one translation to another. He also showed us the value of later and more exact versions of the Bible. Daddy Waite did not attempt to explain and discuss, in two weeks, the great truths to be found in that Book of Books, but he did give us an inspiration and desire to search its pages more carefully and thoughtfully during the months after returning home from Camp.

During the Camp those half hours passed all too quickly (even if dinner was to follow!), for Daddy Waite's sincere and interesting talks were always too short. During the year, I'm sure every camper's life has been richer and broader in its Bible study, on account of the light to the gospel in those Bible periods.

EMILY HUFF.

Recreation

FORGET for a few minutes, if you can, that the cold north wind is blowing outside your door and that Jack Frost is making his presence felt and come with me to Conference Point-on-Lake Geneva, the Galilean Lake of North America. It is the first part of August: the trees are dressed in their best green dresses; the flowers are blooming; and the sun shines in all its radiant splendor. If you listen attentively, you will hear the song of song-sparrows or the call of a turtle dove for its mate.

It is two-thirty and the chapel bell is ringing. It is time for the organized recreation to begin. The girls come running from their tents and cottages, and are laughing and skipping for it is time for the fun and play to begin. There are baseball, volley ball, and captain ball scheduled

for every day. The whistle is blown and the games are on. Each and every girl enters the game with all the vim, pep, and good spirit possible.

You may hear a timid little maiden say, "Oh, but I do not know how to play baseball!" Immediately some one jumps up and explains the game to her, and in a few minutes she is quite professional in pitching the ball over the plate. Whether the game be baseball, volley ball, or captain ball, no one is allowed to stand back because of not knowing the game. Before the girls left Camp I am sure they all could play any of the games played there.

The outstanding feature of the Camp is the true Christian spirit in which the games are played. The idea is not to see who can *win* the game but to see how well and clean cut the game can be played.



Dining Hall

Rivalry exists between the tribes in playing the games but it is the rivalry of friends. The girls not only cheer their tribal mates on to victory but recognize with due credit a good play on the opponents' side. The tribes have their yells and cheers that spur the girls on to play to the best of their ability. And when the game is over there is great rejoicing on the winners' side, but you can also hear the losers cheer for the winning team.

You will, therefore, agree with me that, in such a noble atmosphere as this, we are glad to be away from the bricks and stones of the city and to be allowed to play in God's great out of doors, to breathe pure air, and to have the cool lake breezes blowing against our faces. Here, indeed, one becomes re-created not only in body but also in mind, for a healthy body insureth a healthy mind. To become four-fold, one must needs become strong physically, first, and then one can become strong mentally, socially, and religiously. God willing, I shall come to Camp next year to learn more about the Jesus way of living. Will you be there?

ELISABETH HARTMANN.

FIRST of all let us look again at those fine afternoons in July, 1918, when so many fellows from all over North America shared in the recreation on the playground at Lake Geneva. Those were happy days. I can now imagine any of the tribes playing against one another in volley ball or indoor baseball. Those were exciting times when three were on bases and two were out. My! how the onlookers shouted and hoped the inside would score runs, but the level-headed pitcher throws, the umpire shouts "ball over!"; again it is tossed. "Another ball"

is shouted by the umpire; once again it is tossed, the crowd of spectators are shouting now,—the batter swings the bat with all his force against the fast-thrown ball; he has made a connection but, to the crowd's disappointment, the ball only reaches the short-stop and is thrown to first base and the batter is out. The fellows on the bases were not peeved but kept on playing the game, admitting within themselves that the other bunch were faster. However, they were good for another try and they did try and, perhaps, came back a few days later and won the next game. Everybody played in the games, and anybody and everybody were good enough. There were no slackers, and we all could play when Camp was over. This is the spirit of all the Camp sports, which makes many a time happy which otherwise might be sad.

Now let us think of the after-supper recreation. The spirit is the same. Remember the night we had the bacon, boys? What kind of time did you have that night? How many times did you say, "On your honor, have you got the bacon?" and you were not disappointed when you did not capture the man that had the bacon. Now when all the "bacon" boys were caught, we sure had some bacon roast around the fire at the Council Circle. Can't you taste the sweet pig? Oh my, it is good!

Now you fellows that have been at Camp know what other times and things there were for recreation. There was swimming every day; tennis in your spare time; quoits and croquet also in your spare time. Smiling groups of spectators would stop for a moment to see evenly matched opponents and then they would pass on, maybe on their way to play ball or maybe on their way to special business, but there were games for everybody when the time came for recreation. This part of the Camp and the spirit in which the games were played impressed me very much, and when I got back home I tried as best I could to make that spirit felt among my Y. M. C. A. and Sunday School chums, instead of letting the one or two selfish boys put their spirit of unfairness into the games.

I hope to see many of the old Campers at Conference Point next year and also many new fellows, who will take part and enjoy the Camp of 1919. It is a few months till Camp next year, and I will ask you to

read these few lines carefully and think about them in the meantime:

To live the life my father taught,
 Of honor, dignity, and length;
 To do the little things I ought;
 To know, but not to show my strength;
 To make and keep a friend or two,
 And show a kindness every day;
 To do the work I ought to do,
 And do it in a goodly way;
 To earn so much as I may need
 For my own wants and little more;
 To win perhaps a cheering meed
 From her whose praise I labor for;
 To do no hurt by thoughtless speech,
 By careless, cruel look or act;
 To learn from whomsoe'er may teach
 The kindly courtesy of tact—
 These the ideals to approach,
 These the lessons I must scan,



Nearing the Dock

That I may bear, without reproach,
 The grand old name of GENTLEMAN.
 KENNETH GALLOWAY.

How to Teach

HOW often the fatal mistake is made of confining Sunday School education of young boys, say from 13 to 16 years of age, to their class room.

Why should one wonder at the inactivity of such fellows when they never meet but once a week? There is no excuse for live-awake young teachers of today, to have such a class. All babes when born are given a clear, pure start into this world by the Great Father. Their lives depend, at a certain age, upon the molding they receive from their Sunday School teacher, just as well as upon that received from their school teacher and their boy chums.

We, as young teachers, often forget that we are handling fellows who are of ripe age for the acceptance of their Master, and that often one slip may turn forever some young life.

Let's make religion a little more real to our younger brothers. In the first place, we should be careful to keep the class standards high. Twelve is a splendid number for the group. Difficulties often arise about companions, etc., but by no means should we let our classes extend to more than fifteen members. Others applying for class membership should be placed upon the waiting list. An individuality should be introduced into each fellow. He should be called upon to give his opinion in each lesson.

Our amusements for the week should be prayerfully thought over by the executive committee. We must introduce the

four symbols of life even as Christ lived them—sociability, religious training, physical exercises, and mental exercises. The first and the third should be developed, just as well as the other two.

The three questions which each teacher should ask himself are: (1) What do I want my pupil to become? (2) Is he capable of becoming what I wish him to become? (3) How can I transform him from what he is now into what I wish him to become? In order to start him along these lines, we should first give him a lesson in which he has a natural or acquired interest, or his interest should be obtained through his curiosity. These two, interest and curiosity, will, undoubtedly, lead to the lad's giving his attention.

Young leaders of today in Sunday Schools wish to turn out strong, pure characters who will become the leaders of tomorrow. Let us remember eight things which we should give to our scholars: They must be *taught*, which will be *knowing*, *feeling*, and *willing*, arousing splendid Christian *action*, forming Christ-like *habits*, all making *character* which leads to *destiny*.

WILFRED T. MACK.

WHEN I was a first-year girl I used to envy the second-year girls in Daddy Waite's "How to Teach" class. When my turn came to be in that class I was not disappointed. I do not believe that anything in our whole wonderful camp

last year was more enjoyed than the lively discussions we had in "How to Teach."

The class met in the boys' wing of the Tipi, where we could look out across Lake Geneva for inspiration when Daddy Waite popped a hard question at us, for Daddy Waite used the "shock" method of teaching. He loved to make an unusual statement which we had to think about a long time before we were willing to accept it, or else he would ask us a question that sounded very simple but which we seldom answered correctly. The funny part about this was that the questions were usually about ourselves.

Since the purpose of the class was to help us learn to teach,—for you, new girls, who are planning to come to our camp at Geneva next summer must remember that camp girls are expected to teach when

their Sunday Schools need them,—we spent most of our time discussing the four-fold needs of the pupil and the ways of meeting those needs through the Sunday School lesson. Daddy Waite would draw some funny looking marks on the black-board and tell us that they represented the emotional life of the teen-age girl or her coat-of-arms or something of the kind. They seemed funny then but they have stuck in our minds, together with the ideas they represent.

I could wish nothing better for the girls of America than a chance to go to the Older Girls' Camp-Conference at Geneva next summer, and my greatest wish for the second-year girls-to-be is a chance to be in "How to Teach" with Daddy Waite as their teacher.

MARION STURDEVANT, 1917.

Woodcraft

I FOUND at Conference Point a wonderful place to study nature. It was my first opportunity to live in the midst of "God's Temples" and it was under the guidance of Mr. Brooks in the woodcraft class that my ears and my eyes, in fact, my whole self, awoke to the wonders about me.

First, we took up the study of the winged creatures, large and small, who gave color and song to our days. We went down to the sunken gardens where we found so many and we learned to call and distin-

guish them. We found turtle doves, cat-birds, chickadees, blue jays, the American redstart, the woodpeewee, and others. Mr. Brooks also took us to make a call upon a wood thrush in her home and we were surprised to see how human she is with the various decorations on her nest.

There are numerous flowers and shrubs on the Point, also, and one of our observations was to distinguish the poisonous shrubs from the medicinal, the fruit bearing, and the harmless ones, which give such lovely color to the fields and the paths that lure us out for long walks in the spring, summer, and the early fall.

But next to the birds I enjoyed most, I believe, the "majesties of the forest," the trees. Mr. Brooks showed us how we could quite simply tell the different species of trees of one family by their bark and their leaves. It is said that there is a greater variety of trees on Conference Point than on any other spot in America, and they number about 187 varieties. We found many splendid specimens of the oak, red and white, the shell bark hickory, white ash, white elm, Norway spruce, and ironwood.

We also learned the twelve secrets of the woods as they are found on the arch of the famous fireplace in the Tipi-Wakan, which becomes so dear to the heart of every girl camper.

Although our class was very short I am sure that every member brought home



Starting a Fire

with her a new understanding of the birds, trees, flowers, and shrubs, and as I wander over our own woods with their soft pine needle flooring I think of Mr. Brooks and can hear him admonishing his classes "He that hath ears let him hear and he that hath eyes let him see." I am looking forward to next summer when I can once again stand in the Council Circle and look up through the trees, as Mr. Orwig told us, and know that our Father gave us all these beautiful bits of nature that we might "see Him in His works and worship Him accordingly."

THELMA L. BISHOP.

LAKE GENEVA is an everlasting example of Nature in her glory. It is a wonderful place and from the viewpoint of many, including myself, it is the "Ideal Place," a spot where one can get a new vision of God and walk with Him daily.

If one desires to obtain the fullest and richest benefits of Lake Geneva, he need only accompany Canwicawsa (Mr. Brooks) on one of his woodcraft hikes. I was a "regular" last year on these interesting and helpful walks with Canwicawsa, and they certainly have broadened my ideas and knowledge of "Mother Nature."

We assembled at Clover Leaf Hall, usually at 10 o'clock in the morning, and after getting our attendance card punched, we settled down for a brief talk by Canwicawsa. The first day he explained the course which we were about to take, and the following days he usually explained the discoveries of the preceding hike. After the explanation, we started on our journey. I remember well our first hike. We walked through the woods, and Canwicawsa asked the class to find him a specimen of the Indian turnip. Well, to see the results was amusing. Nearly all of us made pretty poor guesses in our attempts to show Canwicawsa our knowledge of botany. Then each boy would gather the growth that interested him most and Canwicawsa would name it and explain it to the class. The hike lasted about an hour, every minute of which was interesting, helpful, always pleasant, and sometimes funny. We studied the trees, their value, growth, and use, and it was amazing to find how ignorant we can be of things which surround us in our daily activities. We studied the birds, their color, method of living, and their eggs. Canwicawsa would give the distress signal, made by placing the lips on the back of



Spring Breezes at Conference Point

the hand and sucking in. The birds would respond from everywhere and often to the call of one who would try his hand at making the signal. The attempt, however, oft times was distressful. We studied, the shrubs, the bees, and finally the greatest and most sacred of them all, the twelve secrets of the woods. These were studied at our last lesson. It was wonderful to be able to look upon these twelve secrets, beautifully carved and painted on the Tipi fireplace.

Fellows, I am sure that one of the greatest of the joys and pleasures of life results from the study of Nature, which is the revelation to us of God's wonderful providence to man and all things on earth. We certainly are fortunate to have Lake Geneva, and every member of the Camp of 1918 and preceding years can justly call it the "Ideal Place" in which to study the wonders and beauties of Nature.

Woodcraft, fellows, as it is presented to us at Lake Geneva, affords us an opportunity to come in closer contact with God and to lay a foundation on which to build a life on the Fourfold Plan.

"He that has ears to hear let him hear."

WALTER (BILL) FIXTER.

Campercraft.

THE Camp of a Hundred Fires is calling you back, O Wigeopos, that you may learn the magic of the camp-fire, and the art of cooking in God's great out-of-doors.

In campercraft we learn the purpose of camping, which is character building; and we learn how to build the ideal camp, for we girls who have had the opportunity of Conference Point, may sometime be charged with promoting a camp for other girls.

Wadjepi is the instructor, and everybody enjoys courses under Wadjepi.

Many were the toilsome journeys made up the hill to the clay pit, but when we looked upon the results of our labor—an oven, fireplace, incinerator (some called it "insinuator"), and three-hole fireplace, we were amply rewarded.

Great rivalry was abroad the day that Wadjepi presented each of us with a very hard log, a very dull hatchet, and one little match, and commanded us in a stern (?) voice to build a fire and boil some water, this to be accomplished in ten short minutes. One very enterprising camper succeeded, but at the end of the ten minutes

most of us were still straining our eyes to see the bubbles that, alas! were never to come; and from some fires only a tiny puff of smoke arose, which is the first dark hint that the fire is going out.

But best and last was the day of the feast. There were all the good things that one could picture in dreams, at least, it seemed so to us who ate, and, too, the necessary wholesome food for the healthy, fun-loving girls that come to Conference Point.

But I shall tell you no more. Come back to Camp, you who know its joys, and learn for yourself of Campercraft.

MARJORY LOONEY.

Learning to Swim

LEST you should get the idea that the Camp of a Hundred Fires is a dull old place where one sits up and studies the Bible half the day and gets preached to the other half, I should like to tell you about a side of the camp life which, perhaps, you had not thought of before. As you have doubtless heard, we strive at Conference Point to live the four-fold life in the Jesus way and in so doing we learn not only to "be good," but to "be good sports." So I should like to tell you how I learned to be a good sport at camp, and incidentally to give you a mental picture of a very attractive part of the life at Conference Point.

When I landed at camp the first thing I saw on stepping from the boat to the dock was a bunch of people in swimming, and they looked like they were having such a good time that I resolved then and there to learn to at least stay up in the water before leaving Conference Point. In the course of the next day I met Daddy Waite, who is known and loved by all campers, and for certain reasons he dared me to swim from the rope to the dock that afternoon. Well, I'm one of those foolish people who make it a point never to take a dare, so, remembering my resolution of the day before, I told him that if he'd pull me out I'd try it. That afternoon I went down to the dock, scared out of my wits but determined not to back down and be a piker. "Daddy" spied me and yelled for me to come on and make the swim. I hopped in and without giving myself time to think about it for fear I'd get "cold feet," I struck out and floundered around on the bottom until finally, by some

mysterious means, I landed at the dock. This performance did no special good except to afford "Daddy" a great deal of amusement and help me overcome my fear of the water.

Then the swimming classes were started under the supervision of Mr. Rogers and, altho I looked at him a little dubiously when he composedly stated that, "Water is a calm, balmy liquid and has absolutely no qualities which should make you fear it," still I resolved to appear that I believed him implicitly and to perform calmly the various peculiar motions which he insisted upon making us go through. After one or two mornings he allowed us to get into the water and, after experiencing the thrill of swallowing quarts of the "balmy liquid," I finally got to the point where I could keep both hands and feet off the bottom at the same time. At last, to my great joy, I did really succeed in accomplishing the marvelous feat of swimming from the rope to the dock on *top* of the water instead of on the bottom, thereby graduating from the beginners' class, and it was with the keenest satisfaction and also, I must confess, with a bit of pride that I sent the folks back home the startling message, "I can swim!"

MARTHA TEAGUE, '19.

ONE of the things I most enjoyed at the Older Boys' Camp Conference, held at Lake Geneva July 16-29, 1918, was learning to swim. They arrange certain periods sometime in the week for all who can't swim and teach them how. My periods were on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays between 11 and 12 o'clock a.



Another View

m. In my class there were 33, and 16 of them graduated; the other 17 either didn't have the pep or nerve to come out at all periods or couldn't get the right strokes, and some acted as if they were afraid of the water. The first thing "Wasswa" and "Waonspeakye" did was to get us out on the pier and teach us the arm and leg movements. The arm movement wasn't so bad for we could stand up and do it, but with the leg movement we had to lie on our sides on the hard boards and work our legs from our hips down without bending our knees. When we had the movements down pretty good, "Wasswa" demonstrated them to us in the water and then made us get in and try them. Some of the fellows were lucky enough or good enough, I don't know which it was, to graduate in their first lesson. To graduate, we had to have the movements down pat and swim from the pier to the ropes and back several times, a distance of about 8 or 9 feet one way, in water about 5½ to 6 feet deep. The movements of the strokes were easy enough to get while on the pier but when we tried them in the water, although some went all right, most of us sank a little bit and began working too hard. The morning I graduated there were three or four who, like myself, just got the strokes in time to graduate in the last lesson.

JOHN FURMAN.

Swimming Period.

YOU don't know what the swimming period is? Why we have it? What we do? It is truly one of the very best parts of the whole twenty-four hours, although while we are really living them, each part seems the best.

From three to four o'clock in the after-

noon we have our tribal games, you know, and we become just mightily excited and "heated up" both inside and outside, so when the four o'clock bell rings for the swimming period we are good and ready for it. The water is always at just the right temperature in the afternoon because Kinji by his wonderful perception and forethought, devised this plan: Early in the morning we are to take a "dip" into the Lake and our body heat will make the water warm. Then when we have our longer swimming period in the afternoon the water is always heated to the right degree. Now wasn't that a grand and glorious idea of Kinji's? However, it does seem strange that we usually don't care to stay at any one spot in the water for a great length of time. It seems the water is conducive to vigorous exercise.

We have a splendid time in the water and really learn how to swim and dive correctly under Mr. Roger's direction. We are also guarded and protected by our life saving crew, composed of girls who are practiced swimmers.

One day during the thirteen at camp, the swimming period is lengthened and we have a regular aquatic meet. There are all sorts of races, dives, and stunts, and because the winners' points count for their tribes, there is a great deal of commotion and excitement and even more of noise. But all participants have a dandy good time and a fine experience.

However, one of the biggest things, and perhaps the *biggest*, is the friendships one can make during the swimming period. We come in contact with girls with whom we may not be closely associated in any other phase of our camp life, and it is so easy to become really acquainted with a girl when you are both working together at the identical time, to achieve the same



Remember This?

thing. The traits of a girl's character are also bound to peep through while she is learning a new stroke or a new dive. Thus we can really learn to know each

other, and help each other through the knowing, while developing the physical side of our fourfold life.

JOSEPHINE CRIDLAND.

The Graduates

GRADUATION DAY—that day of days at the Camp Conferences—will live in the memory of each camper as a day of inspiration and uplift, the significance of which would hardly be understood by one who had not participated in the activities of the Camp.

These young people have dreamed dreams and seen visions; the great chief has confided to them his hope of having one thousand trained young people go out from these Camp Conferences to lead in the Sunday School work for the youth of North America.

This hope was surely twenty-three steps nearer fulfilment on that last Sunday of the 1918 "Camp of a Hundred Fires," when the twenty-three graduates received from the hands of the director the diploma of the International Camp Conference. This signified that the recipient had spent two weeks each year for three years at the Camp, taking a course of intensive training along religious, physical, mental and social lines; a training which, in the majority of cases, was followed up by earnest study and much practical work between Camps.

The graduates, this year, including young teachers, college students, and business girls, covered themselves with honor by the character of the work they accomplished. Two gold medals and five silver medals went to members of this class, but the girls who received these highest awards of the Camp had worked and lived the life of the Camp with the thought of awards very much in the background.

Students and leaders alike coveted the privilege of entering into the activities of this very active graduating class. One hour each morning was spent in the discussion of leadership problems, problems which had real significance as they came fresh from the experience of the girls themselves. This hour was followed by another in which some of these problems were actually staged and worked out. Sunday School classes were organized and taught, various week-day activities were

carried out, war work was planned, clubs were formed, and business meetings were conducted. In spite of the difficulties presented in much of this practice work not one of the young enthusiasts was daunted or failed to accept and carry to a successful issue any part she was given in the plan: in fact, they often out-paced their leaders in enthusiasm and initiative.

As these leaders looked into the faces of the girls on that last day of Camp they saw reflected there high purpose, the light of true patriotism which spends itself in a desire to serve in whatever field the Master chooses to place them. Knowing that they had all made good in the truest sense of the word it was hard for them who had known them intimately during the three years, to realize that they were the same girls who had entered as initiates in 1916. Without doubt their motives were varied as they entered that first Camp. They came, perhaps, to enjoy the wonderful out-door life, to be one of a happy crowd, because they had been urged by teachers or friends, or even, perhaps with a vague idea of "getting good." Their ideals, their outlook on life, how they have changed! These girls since that day have heard and responded to the challenge that has been flung to the youth of America—the challenge of service. They have seen life at the Camps lived in the Jesus way, and they have learned to know Him intimately as a real Comrade. Their religion is the religion of Youth; they will speak the language of Youth, and their consecrated Youth will vitalize the young life of the communities in which they may work and play and live.

They are the leaders of a near tomorrow.

HELEN PALK.

IS THE argument from the product just to the enterprise concerned? Whether or not you think it fair, it is the intention in the next few paragraphs to apply it to the two Lake Geneva Camp-Conferences. No names will be mentioned, but every statement will have as a background the experience of some definite individual,

so that each separate estimate may be looked upon as an enigma. Puzzle: Label the graduates.

It is the unanimous testimony of parents, teachers, and pastors that three years in the atmosphere of Conference Point make the boys and girls much better followers as members of families, classes, and churches. One discerning father said about his daughter, "She has one more year at college and one more summer at Lake Geneva. If she could not have both, I should choose for her the latter." Every boy-graduate was eligible for war-duty and without an exception some church service-flag has a star representing his loyal response to his country's call, and in one case the true blue has been changed by the wand of death into the sacrificial gold.

But none of the graduates has been content to be a follower for any great stretch of time. If in the service of the nation, the boys have been quickly awarded officers' commissions. If engaged in the activities of the Sunday School, the suggestions of all have been so apt and their "pep" so contagious that they are soon put into responsible positions of leadership, where they at once evidence their preparedness. The great majority are class or department officers or teachers in their own Sunday Schools. Several have been inspired to take up special studies or to attend night-school or to go to college the better to fit themselves for the places of leadership that are everywhere open for

trained ability. All of them have climbed out of contentedness with the small.

As promoters they have been successful beyond expectation. In three great cities, and several smaller ones, Camp Conference graduates are directing the Sunday School work among the older boys and girls of the entire community. They are the officers of the City and County Older Boys' and Girls' Councils that hold the annual Older Boys' and Girls' Conferences. One is on the employed staff of a County Sunday School Association as Young Peoples' Division Superintendent, and were it not for the war two would be specialists on State Association staffs. They have stumped counties in the interests of the organized class and the summer vacation period has been found a convenient time for touring parties under the auspices of the State Sunday School Association to spread the Lake Geneva spirit through institutes and conferences.

Two or three have entered the ranks of the discoverers or creators. New playground games have been devised and strange social stunts staged, a unique system of teaching younger children to read has been elaborated and a larger idea of God and His church conceived.

If the future is to depend even more than the past on consecrated talent, the Lake Geneva graduates can be counted on to do their part and have a little to spare for their associates who have not been quite so fortunate as themselves.

R. A. WAITE.

Night's Doings

CAMP is one of the greatest opportunities any girl can have in North America. Everything is down pat and we sure had fun. Our days were full living the fourfold life. Each day was devoted to the mental and physical phases, and after supper at "Hillside" the spiritual side was developed by listening to the heart to heart talks given by the leaders. At the close of the day each girl was tired, but when we entered into the real spirit of the "Night's Doings," we forgot we were tired. These doings developed our social side. The first night we were taken to the Council Circle, where we discovered many strange and mystic things. Kinji gave us the first ceremony, the appeal or prayer to the "Great Spirit." Then the Council

fire, which is in the middle of the Circle, was lighted by the old method of rubbing two sticks together until the fire came. From the large fire were lit four small ones to represent the Camp virtues of fortitude, truth, beauty, and love. This ceremony performed, Kinji told us of the Council. He said we must not walk through it but around it, and we should not applaud but give our sentiments by "How! How!" Daddy Waite then taught us some Camp songs, which gave us the real Camp spirit. Mojag suggested that we get our sticks as we passed out; then we saw the beautiful camp fires under the oaks, and oh! those fine wieners that we roasted. Yum! Yum! They touched the "spot." As we sat around the fire, we sang songs and gave



The Magic of the Night

yells, after which the goodnight prayer was said and all the girls returned to their tents and cottages.

Several nights were spent in the Council Circle, where sometimes individual stunts were given and sometimes tent or cottage stunts. We shall always remember the demonstration of the "Barnum and Bailey" show. While the stunts were very funny, they were also very helpful. Each tribe to which the girls belonged was credited with so many points for each stunt.

One night—shall we ever forget? Each tent and cottage group went out by itself and, building a fire either on the beach or in the woods, settled down in a circle for a good, jolly, quiet, and noisy time. Some had marshmallows and bacon, or other good eats. And then by the roaring camp fire and out under God's beautiful stars, with the leaves of the trees and bushes rustling in the wind, the girls not only learned to know each other better, but also the Maker of all these wonderful things. And around the camp fire we read from the Great book and poured out our hearts to God in prayer.

And then one evening after a long hike to Yerkes Observatory, the leaders entertained the girls at a reception in our club

house, the "Tipi-Wakan." After we had met all the leaders, we listened to the preliminary program, which consisted of solos by wonderful grand opera stars, stupendous performances by modern movie stars, and a demonstration of real campers. Yes, we had eats too. We met in alphabetical groups and got in the ice-cream cone line, after which we played games. Then the evening was "topped off" when the new girls' wing of the "Tipi-Wakan," the companion to the boys' wing, with its beautiful stone fireplace, was opened, and the girls sitting on the floor, with leaders standing around the fireplace, witnessed the dedication and lighting of the first fire.

And then the night we had the bacon toast! But we had to work for it! Five of the slickest girls were sent out with the bacon, and the others were set to guarding the Camp, for if we didn't catch them Kinji got the bacon. But the guards watched so faithfully that not one was able to get past 'em. Celebration of our victory was held in the woods around a number of trees where we toasted the bread and bacon and ate it with a hearty relish. Um-m-m, that was the best bacon I ever ate.

One of the greatest evening or night entertainments was when Kinji said, "Follow me," and led us down to the dock where we noticed two large boats puffing, ready for a long journey. We jumped on. Toot! Toot! away we went to Geneva City ten miles away. As we sailed, we sang songs, gave yells, and listened to Wadjepi's interesting stories. Soon the lights of the city were in sight and we were there. Everybody off, and lined up for the march through the city. And what a noise we made, and oh! the good ice cream. Every cafe was crowded to the utmost. Then suddenly we heard Toot! Toot! All aboard! and all made a "beeline" for the boat. Soon we were back at Camp.

And then another evening we heard the clang of the chapel bell. Every tribal leader received her secret message and straightway gathered her tribe together, read directions, and started with enthusiasm in search of the treasure. All went bravely on their course over barb wire fences, logs, and high weeds, and through dense forests. We ran races, walked and

talked, and after going some distance, our final instructions were found to be to return to Conference Point. The Dakotas got there first, and found the treasure. All the tribes sat around the camp fire, toasting marshmallows, singing songs, giving yells, and at a late hour returned to their tents.

Our last evening in Camp was spent in the Council Circle. Each girl told what the Camp life had meant to her, and I'm sure the testimony came from the depth of each girl's heart. Then our leaders put up to us challenges to meet during the coming year. We cannot forget Wadjepi's "Would you rather be a bush or a tree?" and Mrs. Alec's "To thine own self be true."

That night shall never be forgotten for in the future we were challenged to light the Council fire in our own hearts and homes. And so endeth the camp in the life of the day by developing the social part of a girl's fourfold life, which is Mental, Physical, Religious, and Social.

RYNTHA SHELLY.

The Sunday School and Leadership

FOR many years the Sunday School was the place where boys and girls, along with the babies and the adults, were dragged through three or four hymns—nine times out of ten never meant to be sung by boys and girls—where they were preached at by an untutored superintendent, where they sat through the seemingly unending prayers of the pastor or deacon, and where they were taught for twenty minutes by an untrained teacher who tried to lead them either to a primary Christ or to a Christ of theology. Such was the case for many years, and slowly but surely in appallingly large numbers the boys and girls dropped out of the Sunday School. It was recognized that 85% of the accessions to the church come through the medium of the Sunday School, but at the same time it was true that 75% of all the boys and girls in the primary department dropped out of the Sunday School before the sixteenth year. Thinking minds began to wonder about the destiny of the church. Fathers and mothers and Sunday School teachers despaired of their task, and wondered what was the matter.

A little more than five years ago John L. Alexander attacked this mighty prob-

lem, as Young People's Superintendent of the International Sunday School Association. He proved that the boys and girls were being fed the wrong spiritual food; that the Sunday School, as it existed, was a dead proposition, so far as the boy and girl were concerned. Boys and girls are not nearly so much concerned about the Christ who died on Calvary as they are about the boy Jesus who played in the carpenter's shop, "and increased in wisdom, and in stature, and in favor with God and man," who finally grew to manhood and rendered three years of glorious service before he sacrificed His life for the cause—the Jesus who really *lived*. Mr. Alexander set about to teach boys and girls the Jesus-way of living (Luke 2:52) through the organized class and the organized department in the Sunday School.

One of the first big ventures in this new era in Sunday School work for young people was the establishment of the Older Girls' and Older Boys' Camp-Conferences at Conference Point-on-Lake Geneva. Here for four weeks in 1914 (two weeks for the boys and two for the girls) young people were taught the Jesus-way of living. They worked and played together,

and they "increased in wisdom, and stature, and in favor with God and man." They went back to their own local Sunday Schools and began to work out these new plans. They have worked them, and worked them gloriously. It is indeed a poor Sunday School today which has not at least one organized class among its young people. The larger churches all over the country have found the organized department an absolute necessity in the solution of their difficulties. Boys and girls are assuming positions of leadership. They are taking a real interest in Sunday School, not only on Sunday but through the week, because at last they are being taught in a vital way that Christ came that they might have life, and might have it abundantly.

But, best of all, the Camp-Conferences at Geneva have continued to grow and have long since passed the experimental stage. In 1918, in the Older Girls' Conference alone, there were 250 real live representative girls. Mr. Alexander, with a corps of 60 trained leaders, the best America could offer, arranged such a program of work and play, that it seemed, on that last night of the Conference, as

the girls turned their backs on the two weeks of inspiration and faced outward for service, that they were more enthusiastic than ever about the Jesus-way of living. Mr. Alexander saw a star when he dreamed of these training camps on the hilltop at Geneva. He has made hundreds of adult leaders throughout the length and breadth of the country see stars, too, as he dreamed of a thousand trained young people going out from Geneva to bring about the Kingdom of God in America. And each year sees hundreds of young people "hitching their wagons to stars" and looking forward to bigger service than would have been possible, if they had never been taught the Jesus-way of living.

Truly no better investment could be made than to send some boy and girl to Lake Geneva. Outstanding young men and young women cannot afford to miss it. Sunday Schools that would really serve should have at least one boy and one girl at Geneva every year. None but the very best are desired. It is not a rescue mission or a juvenile reformatory. It is a training camp in leadership for service in the Kingdom of God.

ELSIE MARGARET CLARK.

My Three Years at Conference Point

ONE sunny July afternoon a number of girls sat upon the shaded porch of a country club. They were discussing their plans for the summer. One was going East, one to Colorado, and a third to some remote place in Wisconsin, a place I had never heard of, Lake Geneva. When she mentioned the fact that it was a camp for girls, I was very much interested and asked for particulars.

"Oh," she said, "it's an organized Sunday School camp with classes in the morning and games and things in the afternoon. You have to go to the classes but it isn't *bad* and you have loads of fun in the afternoon and evening." And then she went on to tell me about the Indian Council Circle, where the tribes of girls gathered together in the evening and told stories, sang songs (not Sunday School songs), and did lots of other "peppy" things.

You may guess the rest, in five minutes I was all enthusiasm. I decided to get ready for camp the very next day and within less than three days I had amassed a plenteous supply of middies, bloomers,

etc., and was counting the hours until train time.

The Camp was all that I had expected, it was more. It was an endless chain of good times, one following upon the other; friendships were formed; ideals were changed. Each girl at Conference Point had her horizon widened and her life broadened. The girl I had come with had been to camp before, made things pleasant for me and I enjoyed every moment of the two weeks. I filled out my questionnaire and when I found, at the end of Camp, that I was to receive three letters out of four,—my "M" for mental, "S" for social, and "P" for physical,—I was very much satisfied. And yet there was something inside of me that asked, "Why didn't you get your 'R' "? I paid little heed to it, but throughout the winter months that followed I thought of it over and over again. "Why didn't I get my 'R'? What is there that is lacking in me? I have gone to church and Sunday School regularly. Isn't that religion enough?"

July 1917 found me preparing a second time for Camp. This time I took with me

a smaller supply of middies but a larger amount of common sense. Profiting by the mistakes of the first year at Camp and by the experience of one year at college, I came to Camp a bigger girl. Camp had begun to show its effect upon me and I realized to get the most out of Camp what I needed was the "vision" of Camp. I decided to watch very carefully and to discover what it was that some girls had which I had not.

The seriousness of the war situation was beginning to manifest itself that second year at Camp. The Canadian brothers, sweethearts, and fathers were entering into the awful fight and the grim reality of it all was slowly but surely being borne down to us. Through it all, what seemed to me the greatest thing, was the spirit of those wonderful Canadian girls, the brave, untiring spirit, undulled by human suffering and hardship, a spirit strengthened by some higher feeling, a feeling of trust and security.

I often wondered what it could be, and then one evening Miss Palk, the wonderful mentor of our class, talked to the girls about the war situation abroad and at home. She said that the boys we loved would soon be "going across" to devote their lives to service to their country and to their God. Many would never return; those who would return would be changed,

their thoughts ennobled because of what they had passed through and yet survived. And then the challenge came. Miss Palk looked deep into our faces and said, "How are you girls going to meet those men and boys when they come back with the vision?" It was then I realized what the "vision" meant—a life consecrated to service both to God and to man; a life which could be to others an incentive, a pattern to follow; a life devoted to Christ, the big brother; and a following in His footsteps.

With that ideal ever before me, I went through the following year full of strong purpose and high resolve. Many times I failed to live up to the ideals of Camp and yet the recurrent thought ever came, "Am I 'measuring up' "?

The third year was my graduation year—a year filled and jammed to overflowing with good times and greater lessons. The close companionship with the leaders at Camp was an inspiration which helped, oh so much! And when on that Sunday morning I, with the rest of the "UN-STACANDAS," received my diploma, the "vision" again shone bright before me and I determined to set forth from that beautiful hilltop and do my level best to live up to the ideals of Conference Point.

GRACE M. WOODS.

Conference Point's Influence on Girlhood

IT IS a marvelous thing that happens, those first two weeks in August, on that high bluff overlooking the waters of Lake Geneva. Girls come from many and widely separated states and provinces of all North America. They come there a great company of chosen girls.

Each one has been chosen because of some quality of leadership or strength of character or personality, which makes her one of the outstanding girls of her local community. Each girl contributes the best of her enthusiasm, ability, and personality to the camp life. The leaders come with their greater experience, their idealism, their love and understanding of girls. The pooling of personalities creates the Camp atmosphere.

Living in the presence of nature, playing group and competitive games; entertaining each other with songs, stories, pageants, and stunts; studying together

methods and plans for service; learning the secrets of the woods; worshipping through prayer and song, and listening to earnest messages of inspiration together; life is joyous. It is a Hilltop of Inspiration.

Life is joyous. It is natural. The ideal is made practical. Jesus's way of living is the ideal. And we find it said of Jesus in his "teens" that "He increased in wisdom and stature, in favour with God and man." That is, he grew mentally and physically, religiously and socially. (Luke 2; 52.) This fourfold life of Jesus becomes a model for a well rounded, complete life. The Camp program is based on this fourfold plan.

Entering Camp unlimited by circumstances, unlimited by neighbors' estimates of her, with no advice from her mother to lean upon, a girl is *herself*. She is limited only by her own ability.



MISS BONITA FERGUSON,
Associate Secondary Division Super-
intendent Missouri Sunday School
Association. Adult Advisor Girls'
"Tipi of 63."

At the same time she is surrounded by an atmosphere in which it becomes a joy to do one's best, for it is *expected*. There is stimulus in that; and encouragement *in living one's best!*

Many girls have said of the Camp at Lake Geneva, "I found myself there." Is it any wonder? She found her real self in living her best.

This real self has characteristics that are attractive. It is the self whose desire is not for clothes, but for self-expression; not for eats and thrills but for health and enthusiasm; 'not for money but for abundance, which is spiritual substance.'

When she endeavors to tell on the last night in Camp what the two weeks have meant to her, she very often says, "I can't begin to tell you how much Camp has meant to me, but I expect to go back and be kinder in my home." Also Kinji, I want to do everything I can to help other girls to understand about the 'Jesus's way' of living."

What is the influence of Conference Point on Girlhood? It *inspires* with the greatest ideal, the ideal of Christ-like living. More than that, it *teaches* how to give expression to this inspiration. It provides methods and plans with which the girl can go home and reach the Other Girls with this message of the Four Fold Life. It directs the great life impulses which are surging within her.

If your daughter should be asked to go to the Older Girls' Camp-Conference at Lake Geneva next summer, consider it a compliment. She is considered worthy of the camp of the Hundred Fires and its privileges. **BONITA FERGUSON.**

The Rainbow Division

WILL the world ever forget that glorious Rainbow Division of American troops? Can it ever forget how they fought that August day when the Germans in mass formation were pushing through the French and English lines headed straight for Paris? Then these men of the Rainbow came. They came with a rush;



with a song on their lips; with the freedom of the New World in their hearts to fight for the freedom of the Old World—the whole world. They checked those haughty Huns and with their gallant allies drove them back. They turned that hurried forward march into a hurried backward march. And now those arrogant, sordid, selfish Huns once marching on Paris with world power and world domination in their murderous minds, sneak back across the Rhine with nothing but chickens and cabbages in their hands. Thank God for the Rainbow!

But there is a second Rainbow Division. And like the first, it is American. It too comes from the North, East, South and West—yes, from the whole of the North American Continent. It believes tremendously in its purposes and aim. This

other "Division" is composed of those splendid fellows who hold membership in the "Tipi of the 63." When these boys heard the story of the Fourfold Life, how Jesus "Increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man," why, they caught the spirit of it, caught it in the full.

Like Him who "Increased in wisdom, stature and in favor with God and man," they think in terms of "OTHERS." These boys from Ontario, Alabama, Pennsylvania and California want the boys of all the states and provinces to share in this Fourfold Life. They believe this ought to be, and they know it cannot be unless boys from the 63 states and provinces attend the International Older Boys' Camp-Conference, Lake Geneva, Wis. It is in this Camp that the Gospel of the Four-fold Life is taught and lived. Taught and lived by leaders and boys alike. A fellow simply cannot enter this Camp without catching the spirit of things. It is quickly and thoroughly contagious. The "spirit of things"—there, you have it.

He was home only a week when a letter from his father reached one of the leaders, saying: "The boy has been talking, Camp, Camp, Camp! for a week, and I think he has only begun." But he is doing more than merely talking Camp. He now teaches a class of Junior boys in his Sunday School. He has registered for the 1919 Camp and he has a friend who will attend. His father is deeply interested and will help three other boys to attend this year. This is sufficient. He has caught the spirit of things.

Here is a second fellow who has been two years in Camp. He is now in college preparing for the ministry. His younger brother is registered for the Camp. Four fine fellows attended last year as a result of his work. Others are to go this year. He is such a splendid, manly fellow. His very presence is challenging. He too has caught the spirit of things.

But these "Rainbow Fellows; members of the Tipi of the 63," why, I could write volumes about them. Some of them are in France, and they have had part in the struggle. And over there as over here they stand for the worthiest of ideals. Some of them are in college, others in business while some are in high school. You will find them everywhere. But they never forget that one purpose, that purpose to find "OTHERS," who like them-



MR. STERLING L. WILLIAMS,
Secondary Division Superintendent
Missouri Sunday School Association.
Adult Advisor Boys' "Tipi of 63."

selves will begin to live His life; to "Increase in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man."

And now to you who read. Do you believe in this "Rainbow Division?" These fellows who have pledged themselves to go out and find their brothers in other states and provinces of North America? Do you want to join our Division? Then you may. Lift your hand and repeat the pledge: "I do solemnly and sincerely promise to work, give and pray until at least one boy has been secured for the Camp of the Four-fold Life from each of the 63 states and provinces of North America."

"Work"—yes, work hard to help us get



in touch with a boy whose state is not now represented in the Camp. (A list of states is published in this number of Conference Pointers having representatives in the Camp. See if your state is one or if your neighboring state is on the list.) A boy to qualify for the Rainbow Division must be at least sixteen years of age and not over twenty-two. He must be an outstanding Christian and should be either a high school or college fellow.

“Give”—you can’t make a greater investment than to make it possible for a boy to have the atmosphere of this Camp and the fellowship of boys whose lives are strong and whose ideals are the very best. It takes but \$21.00 to pay the Registration Fee, board, and room of a boy for the full two weeks. If you can’t give this sum, then give what you can and it will be gratefully received.

“Pray”—this is put last because it



The Fireplace

ought always to follow working and giving. A fellow can pray so much more intelligently after he has worked. He knows how and what to pray for. When he gives he can then pray with his whole heart. Jesus prayed such wonderful prayers but, friend, look at his giving.

Think how heartily the mothers of America pray whose boys are in France.

Come on, men and women of North America. Answer this challenge. Give your sons a chance to do and to be. The day calls them, it calls them at their best.

STERLING L. WILLIAMS.

First Impressions

(Continued from page 2.)

I HAD often heard of Lake Geneva as a camp promoted by the International Sunday School Association for boys and girls sixteen and over, but aside from that, I was not curious enough to ask more questions. I wish now that I had had a woman's curiosity, and had found out more—I would have been a senior this year if I only had. But I lived my little life in my little circle, unconscious of what I was missing. Now I have found out and the path of my life has broadened as a result.

When some one visits a place for the first time, his impressions of the spot are interesting. The impressions gleaned from the whole course at Geneva so eclipse those first impressions that, in a lapse of four months, the first days' observations are rather dim, but I shall endeavor to call up the past. I had the great misfortune to arrive at camp during a drizzling rain, and my eagerness was not to explore but to find a warm, dry spot. Lake Geneva has them. There are cheery places at Lake Geneva for everybody, and everybody who is a camper has a warm spot in his heart for Camp. The clouds having lifted, I strolled around, gathering my first impressions. In doing so I had to button my coat a little tighter for the rain had brought a cold wave with it, and as I stood on the hill and looked out on the white-capped waves of Lake Geneva, I half resolved to mutiny before I would plunge in those waters at 7 o'clock. How foolish I was to cherish such a thought, but I was unversed in the ways of the Indian then! I wandered down to the pier and stood looking at some of the unfortunates that were making a pretense at enjoying a swim, when a little round-faced man in a white suit came by and I recognized Kinji. I had seen the great chief! In the bottom of my heart I felt as though I should do as Moses did when he was on holy ground—remove my shoes, but again I was not an Indian Camper.

For Kinji is not a saint, but a true sport, a big brother to all, as you will come to know next summer. I was carried on with the crowd and found myself on the end of the dock waiting for a boat to come in. Not knowing what sort of boat was due, I stood there, scanning the further shores for some sea craft, when music and shouts came over the waters and were answered by the group on the edge of the pier. Nearer and nearer the venerable old boat came, until some one shouted "Hi there, Kinji!" and we would hear "Hello there, Pep" or "Stud" or "Ben" or "Hank" and the other older campers. I was beginning to catch the spirit of the occasion and let out a yell of greeting to the whole boat load, and then turned sheepishly to see if I had been observed. I had not, for they couldn't hear me, all were doing the same thing. The boat docked and not waiting for the plank to be placed, several "young Indians" jumped the intervening distance to greet Kinji and Dad and the other leaders. Soon acquaintanceships had begun to ripen into friendships as the fellows remembered each other and we turned to go. As the boat rounded the turn and I saw the happy fellows, I longed for the time when I, too, should hear Kinji's "Hello there, Bob!" and could feel with a sense of pride that they remembered me. I had gathered enough first impressions to begin to catch the spirit of the Camp, which is that of service and love for the other fellow. And as I lived through those two glorious weeks, so fraught with inspiration, I resolved to let the spirit of Lake Geneva guide my actions in life. Were my first impressions of the right kind? When you come there for the first time, you, too, will glean first impressions, which I hope will develop into the keynote of the Camp and in turn into the guiding principles of your life!

And I'll be there to meet you!

BOB ABERNETHY.

The Camp Improvement Fund

Dear Conference Pointers Reader, notice how we are gradually reaching up to our Thousand Dollar fund. How much more do we need?

Amount reported last month (November).....\$337.00

Mabel L. Bailey.....	\$5.00
Howard V. Bonsal.....	3.00
Wilfred T. Mack.....	5.00
Lydia Salisch.....	5.00

Why not write the Editor a Christmas note like this?

Dear Mr. Editor:

I wish you and "Conference Pointers" a Merry Christmas, and am enclosing \$..... for the Camp Improvement Fund.

With lots of love for both of you,

International Older Boy and Girl Camp-Conferences

(INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION)

JOHN L. ALEXANDER, Director—HERMAN BOWMAR, Business Manager

Gentlemen:

Please find enclosed One Dollar (1-3 Registration Fee), twenty-five cents of which is to be applied as a subscription to Conference Pointers, and register me for the Camp Conference for the season of 1919, subject to all the conditions of the prospectus.

(Boys or Girls)

Name.....
(Applicant's Personal Signature)

Age and Birthday.....Street and Number.....

City.....State or Province.....

Recommended and Approved by.....
(Signature and Position of Guarantor)

Boys' Camp-Conference, July 15-28.

Girl's Camp-Conference, July 29-August 11

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